THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 21, 1803.

AFFECTING NARRATIVE *of an* INDIAN CHIEF.

DURING the laſt war in America, a company of the Delaware Indians attacked a ſmall detachment of the Britiſh troops, and defeated them. As the Indians had greatly the advantage of ſwiftneſs of foot, and were eager in the purſuit, very few of the fugitives eſcaped, and thoſe who fell into the enemy's hands were treated with a cruelty, of which there are not many examples even in that country.

Two of the Indians came up with a young officer, and attacked him with great fury: as they were armed with a kind of battle axe, which they call a tomahawk, he had no hope of eſcape, and thought only of ſelling his life as dearly as he could; but juſt at this criſis another Indian came up, who ſeemed to be advanced in years, and was armed with a bow and arrows. The old man inſtantly drew his bow; but, after having taken his aim at the officer, he ſuddenly dropped the point of his arrow, and interpoſed between him and his purſuers, who were about to cut him in pieces: they retired with reſpect.

The old man then took the officer by the hand, ſoothed him into confidence by careſſes; and having conducted him to his hut, treated him with a kindneſs which did honour to his profeſſions. He made him leſs a ſlave than a companion, taught him the language of the country, and inſtructed him in the rude arts that are practiſed by the inhabitants.

They lived together in the moſt cordial amity; and the young officer found nothing to regret, but that ſometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him, and having regarded him for ſome minutes with a ſteady and ſilent attention, burſt into tears. In the mean time the ſpring returned, and the Indians having recourſe to their arms, again took the field. The old man, who

was ſtill vigorous, and well able to bear the fatigues of war, ſet out with them, and was accompanied by his priſoner.

They marched above two hundred leagues acroſs the foreſt, and came at length to a plain, where the Britiſh forces were encamped. The old man ſhewed his priſoner the tents at a diſtance; at the ſame time remarked his countenance with the moſt diligent attention: "There (ſays he) are your countrymen; there is the enemy who wait to give us battle. Remember that I have ſaved thy life; that I have taught thee to conſtruct a canoe, and to arm thyſelf with a bow and arrows; to ſurprize the beaver in the foreſt, to wield the tomahawk, and to ſcalp the enemy. What waſt thou when I firſt took thee to my hut? Thy hands were thoſe of an infant; they were fit neither to procure thee ſuſtenance nor ſafety. Thy ſoul was in utter darkneſs; thou waſt ignorant of every thing; and thou oweſt all things to me. Wilt thou then go over to thy nation, and take up the hatchet againſt us?" The officer replied, "that he would rather loſe his own life than take away that of his deliverer."

The Indian then bending down his head, and covering his face with both his hands, ſtood ſome time ſilent; then looking earneſtly at his priſoner, he ſaid, in a voice that was at once ſoftened by tenderneſs and grief, "Haſt thou a father?"—"My father (ſaid the young man) was alive when I left my country." "Alas! (ſaid the Indian) how wretched muſt he be!" He paſed a moment, and then added, "Doſt thou know that I have been a father?—I am a father no more—I ſaw my ſon fall in battle—he fought at my ſide—I ſaw him expire; but he died like a man—he was covered with wounds when he fell dead at my feet—but I have revenged him!" He pronounced theſe words with the utmoſt vehemence; his body ſhook with an univerſal tremor; and he was almoſt ſtifled with ſighs that he would not ſuffer to eſcape him. There was a keen reſtleſſneſs in his eye; but no tear would flow to his relief.

At length he became calm by degrees, and turning towards the eaſt, where the ſun was then riſing, "Doſt thou ſee," ſaid he to the young officer, "the beauty of that ſky, which ſparkles with prevailing light? and haſt thou pleaſure in the ſight?"—"Yes," replied the young officer, "I have pleaſure in the beauty of ſo fine a ſky."—"I have none," ſaid the Indian, and his tears then found their way. A few minutes after he ſhewed the young man a magnolio in full bloom. "Doſt thou ſee that beautiful tree?" ſays he, "and doſt thou look upon it with pleaſure?" "Yes," replied the officer, "I do look with pleaſure upon that beautiful tree." "I have pleaſure in looking upon it no more," ſaid the Indian haſtily, and immediately added, "Go! return back, that thy father may ſtill have pleaſure when he ſees the ſun riſe in the morning, and the trees bloſſom in the ſpring."

FOR THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ORIGIN *of the* CUSTOM *of* EATING SANDWICHES.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

AS the great concerns of life cannot now-a-days be tranſacted without a Sandwich between breakfaſt and dinner, I therefore ſend you the origin of that great requiſite, which you may depend on it is of the following noble extraction.

About thirty-five years ago, the late Lord Sandwich conſulted Dr. Glyn, of King's College, Cambridge, for a complaint in his ſtomach, who adviſed his lordſhip to abſtain from butter, and to eat in its ſtead cold meat, unſalted, with his bread, and to eat it often, and in ſmall quantities. At that time there was a conteſted election for Huntingdonſhire, when Lord Hinchinbrook was a candidate. Lord Sandwich kept open houſe at his ſeat near Huntingdon, with his uſual hoſpitality. His table and levees were daily crouded, and many of his friends from Cambridge attended. When chocolate, &c. was handed round as a noonday repaſt, plates of cold roaſt meat, between ſlices of bread, appeared, which his lordſhip ſtrongly recommended, and called them Sandwiches. The univerſity caught the faſhion, and it was ſoon communicated to all parts of the kingdom.

Your's, CANTAB.

PIPPO *and* MENICUCCIO:

(Concluded from Page 209.)

BUT ſuch ſport was not of long duration. The enormous expences he had incurred in this imprudent extravagance, the great ſums he was cheated of by the unprincipled villains he truſted to, and the immenſe loſſes he ſuſtained at the gaming-table, brought him in a ſhort time to his ruin. Loaded with debts on all ſides, he found himſelf aſſailed by a hoſt of creditors, who all at once fell upon his palaces, country-ſeats, furniture, and property of every deſcription, and ſtripped him of all in a moment. On the appearance of this devaſtating hurricane, the light troops of flatterers, paraſites, and their fellows, who were uſed to ſurround him with ſo much aſſiduity, diſappeared immediately. Reduced to ſolitude and mendicity, he ſtill conſoled himſelf in the hopes that he ſhould find aſſiſtance in the great number of friends which his paſt opulence had gained him. Vain and fooliſh illuſion! Some hardly ſhewed any recollection of him; others ſtudiouſly avoided him; ſome even were cruel enough to ſport with his diſtreſs; thoſe who ſhowed

moſt moderation feigned to compaſſionate his misfortunes, proteſting, however, that they were extremely ſorry it was not in their power to be of any ſervice to him. What a terrible leſſon was this for him! How cruelly was he undeceived! Finding himſelf in a ſtate of extreme indigence, he knew no longer what to do. He then thought of Menicuccio; the kind, affectionate, and compaſſionate character, which he had always experienced in his friend, might give him hopes of a ſpeedy relief: but how could he dare think of preſenting himſelf before one whom he had ſo haughtily deſpiſed? Although neceſſity impelled him, ſhame checked him; and inſtead of going to Salerno, he reſolved to go to Rome, in order to ſeek there, where he hoped to be unknown, ſome means of ſubſiſtence.

Having come to that determination, he ſet out from Naples, and at night arrived at a farm-houſe, where he aſked for a night's lodging. The young woman who was ſitting at the door, to whom he addreſſed himſelf, received him kindly—"You are welcome," ſaid ſhe to him. "I expect my huſband every minute. He is very happy when he can be of ſervice, as far as is in his power, to ſuch travellers as occaſionally find it convenient to ſtop here: you may do ſo if you pleaſe. In the mean while, walk in and reſt yourſelf, while I put in order a few things which I have not yet finiſhed." The unfortunate prince went in, and was ſurpriſed at ſeeing a houſe, which in its ſimplicity had throughout it an air of comfort and plenty. While admiring it, and envying the lot of its happy inhabitants, the maſter approaches. "Heavens! What is it I ſee?" cried he, "Menicuccio! Ha! Where can I hide myſelf? Where can I ſink in the earth, and vaniſh from his ſight?" A ſudden bluſh covered his face with a ſcarlet hue; a univerſal tremor ſhook his whole frame.

Menicuccio was driving full ſpeed home, in a one horſe chaiſe, but ſorrow was on his countenance. His wife haſtened to meet him—"All my reſearches (ſaid he to her, ſighing) have been in vain: he is gone away in deſpair, and no one could give me any account of the road he took. Who can tell what is become of him, or what melancholy end awaits him! On ſaying theſe words, tears trickled down his cheeks, and his wife, affected at what ſhe heard, could not refrain her's. After which ſhe acquainted him with the arrival of a ſtranger, who was juſt come, wiſhed for a night's lodging, and was waiting in the hall. "Heaven be praiſed," ſaid Menicuccio! "At leaſt I ſhall have the pleaſure of doing good to ſomebody: this comfort was neceſſary to relieve me from the ſad thoughts of not having been able to be uſeful to my friend. Ah! had I but known his misfortune one day ſooner!"—At theſe words he haſtened to the hall.

Pippo,

Pippo, concealed in a corner, covering his face, which was all on fire, with his hands, and trembling from heat to foot, did not dare to lift his eyes. Menicuccio, at ſeeing a man in ſuch a poſture, was at firſt ſtruck with aſtoniſhment: he then drew nigh, and examined him. "Am I not miſtaken," ſaid he? And then again more cloſely examined him. "It is certainly him; there is no doubt of it—Heaven! My friend!"—And taking him in his arms, covers him with careſſes and tears, without being able to ſpeak a word. Pippo, between joy and ſhame, found himſelf in the utmoſt confuſion. Menicuccio riſing, and falling again upon him: "I hold you then in my arms! It is you yourſelf at laſt! Ah, Heaven, Heaven would not ſuffer me to be unhappy; bleſſed be Heaven! It was only yeſterday I heard of your misfortune. This morning I drove to town, to find you out: after a thouſand inquiries, I heard of your departure, but could not learn where you was gone; therefore I no longer hoped to find you: I was then reduced to the greateſt grief; but now I am the happieſt man alive." He then repeated his careſſes, and embraced him again.

Pippo, affected more than ever, was overcome with the greateſt embarraſſment, and ſtrove to ſpeak, but wanted words: his friend did not let him begin, but reaſſuming the diſcourſe—"You are no more a great lord," ſaid he, "it is true; but you are ſtill great enough to conſole yourſelf. The property you entruſted to my care was worth ten thouſand ducats; I have inherited about as much more from my father; with theſe two ſums I bought this eſtate. It was in a very bad condition when it came to my poſſeſſion: but with aſſiduity and diligence I have brought it to bring me in above a thouſand ducats a year. If it is ſtill better attended to, it may bring more. Now we will divide it between us, as belonging to both, or we will adminiſter it together, if you ſhould prefer it. By this means, you will have enough to live upon."

At this inſtance of unexpected generoſity, Pippo could not reſiſt any longer; but, burſting out into a flood of tears, and tenderly embracing his friend:—"Ah, what a friend; what an incomparable man did my ill-founded pride make me forſake," ſaid he. "I feel all the value of your generoſity and your delicacy. What an immenſe difference there is between you and thoſe mean ſouls who, after having devoured my laſt penny, have forſaken me ſo cruelly! Do not believe, however, that notwithſtanding my misfortunes I will take advantage of your generoſity; I ſhould then be too unworthy of it. The property, you ſay, I only delivered to you in truſt, was given up to you by me as a free and perpetual gift; it is now your's, and I can no longer have any right to it. My misfortune, though great, has been deſerved by me: my forſaking you merited a greater one, and I muſt ſuffer it. Wherever my fate may guide me, I ſhall

be

be contented with the pleaſure of having regained your friendſhip."

"You have not regained it, ſince you never loſt it," replied Menicuccio; "you diſdain it ſtill, if you think to quit me. Whatever might have been your intention at that time, the property muſt be your's now, and you will not wrong me ſo far as to refuſe my requeſt. Conſider the reſtitution as an act of juſtice, or of friendſhip, it matters not to me, but you muſt accept it." Pippo, ſhedding tears, and ſobbing more loudly than ever, replied—"I neither ought, nor can do it; but I ſhall not be ſo ungrateful as again to quit a friend like you. I ſhall be with you for ever, and henceforward will make it my ſtudy and ſole pleaſure in ſharing your cares; it will be too great a happineſs for me, if I can, in ſome degree, make amends for the ſhameful injury I have done you. Generous ſoul! incomparable ſoul!" "Well then," replied Menicuccio, "you ſhall ſtay: that is what I care for: whatever you ſee here you may enjoy as your own; this is what I require: by what title we ſhall explain another time." Then turning to his wife, who could not refrain from tears, at witneſſing ſo tender a ſcene. "Here is my friend, whom I preſent to you: except the happy day that joined me to you, this is the moſt fortunate I have known in all my life."

Pippo was a long time before he could recover from his amazement. "What an incomparable ſoul!" repeated he inceſſantly. "What a difference from ſo many worthleſs minds, whoſe intereſted and pretended friendſhip had rendered me ſo proud!"

INTERESTING TRIALS.

Trials of Colonel Deſpard and his Accomplices for High Treaſon.

(Continued from Page 206.)

JOHN BIRD (examined by Mr. Garrow).—I know a perſon of the name of John Francis. I remember his coming to me at my lodgings at New Windſor. He aſked me who I worked for. I told him Mr. Grant. He aſked me who he worked for. I told him the royal family. He ſaid he would be bound for it he was a *pretty villain*. He came again. It was the beginning of Auguſt. He told me the king would be dethroned; and he alſo told me how the next parliament was to be raiſed. Every pariſh was to form itſelf into a committee of fourteen, and then into a committee of ſeven; and one out of the ſeven was to come into parliament. He aſked me about

Windſor Caſtle, and what kind of a place it was. I told him I did not know. I only had been through the cloiſters to the cathedral. He aſked me what plate there was; and whether it was ſilver or gold. I did not know. He gave me a card. I read it; and offered it him again. He would not take it, and damned my ſoul, and deſired me to kiſs the book. I put it to my head, and then threw it to him, and it fell down. The card produced is the ſame in ſubſtance. He aſked me to let him leave a book at my lodgings. He ſaid it was one he did not like to leave at the barracks. He offered me 3s. or 3s. 6d. to come to London, and 20l. the day I ſhould be called upon to act. When I aſked him to what purpoſe, he ſaid, to fight and break the chain of bondage and ſlavery.

John Pike (examined by Mr. Garrow).—I am a ſoldier in the guards. I know one Wood. He ſhewed me a card, and ſaid, will you agree to this, and abide by it? It was in ſize like this. He told me there were upwards of one battalion of the third, lying in the tower, that had already engaged in the conſtitutional ſociety, and about thirty of the firſt. Upon coming to town from Windſor, I ſaw Wood and Francis. They propoſed to me to go to the Hand and Windmill, as it ſhould coſt me nothing. It was the ſecond Sunday after the battalion came from Windſor. I ſat in the tap-room, but afterwards went up ſtairs, and found about eighteen ſoldiers, and three men in coloured clothes. They were drinking, and the toaſt was, "May the wings of liberty never want a feather," which was drank by the company. Wood ſaid, when the witneſs returned the card at Windſor, the king muſt be put to death. There were preſent, Francis, Morgan, Newman, Robertſon, Mayhall, Brown, and many others. John Francis told me, when he returned to London, he ſhould receive 8s. 6d. a day. I ſaw them once afterwards at the Bleeding Hart, in Charles-ſtreet, Hatton-garden. Francis and Wood were both there.

Croſs-examined by MR. GURNEY.

I have been a ſoldier two years and eleven months. I have been puniſhed. I received 200 laſhes for abſenting myſelf from my poſt.

Robert Tomlinſon (examined by Mr. Common Serjeant).—I am a ſoldier in the guards. The ſecond Sunday after I returned from Windſor, I was at the Hand and Windmill; there were about forty ſoldiers. They were drinking. M'Namara aſked me if I would be ſworn in? I aſked for what? He ſaid, free and eaſy; to overthrow the preſent government, and have the ſame as France. They aſked me to come again on the Wedneſday following, but I told them, I ſhould be on duty that day.

John Roberts, a ſoldier, depoſed, that he had attended a meeting at the Hand and Windmill. It was on a Sunday. As he

was

was coming away, ſomebody tapped him on the ſhoulder, and aſked him to ſign the oath.

Peter Pollard, a ſoldier, ſaid, he went to the Oakley Arms. Daniel Tyndal, a carpenter, with whom he worked, deſired me to go there. It was the 16th November laſt.

John Emblin (examined by Mr. Garrow).—I am a watch-maker, at Vauxhall. I was found at the Oakley Arms, when the priſoners were apprehended. I was firſt informed of the meetings by Lander, about three weeks before. He aſked me if I had heard any news. I told him I had not. He ſaid ſomething very particular was on the carpet. He aſked me if I had heard of any ſociety. I ſaid I thought they were all over. He ſaid there was a party forming ſtronger than ever, and that they looked up to Colonel Deſpard as their head. It was on a Sunday when I ſaw Broughton. I was talking to Lander, and Broughton came up. I objected to the plan of overturning the preſent government, what Broughton called *men-eaters*. Broughton flew in a paſſion, and ſaid they were ſure of ſucceſs. He applied to me to form a part of the ſociety. I told him I would not; that I had my wife and family to take care of. He produced papers to me. I read one of them. He ſaid they were as a ſociety for them to know their friends. They ſaid, when the attack was made, all who were not of their principles would be put to death. On Friday, the 12th November, I remember being at the Queen's Arms, Vauxhall. Graham was there with me. Broughton came and tapped Graham on the ſhoulder. He came to me and drank with me, and aſked me to go to the Flying-Horſe; ſaid there would be ſuch a nice man, I ſhould be delighted with him. I aſked who it was, and he ſaid it was Colonel Deſpard. He ſaid the day was fixed for the attack to be made, when the king went to the houſe. The king, ſaid he, will be ſtopped as he goes to the houſe, and the buſineſs will be ſettled. I believe he ſaid the tower would be taken. Broughton ſaid he muſt go, becauſe the colonel was ſo punctual. He took Graham out. I made a pretence to go out, and I heard Broughton perſuading Graham to go. Broughton went away. Graham ſaid he would be there in an hour, and I promiſed to go. He ſaid I did not think of theſe principles. I ſaid no more; but I had a mind to go to ſee the humour of the buſineſs. I went to the Flying-Horſe, and found Deſpard, Broughton, Windſor, and Smith. Windſor was there before I went in, I found them engaged in converſation. Broughton deſired us to ſit down, Graham ſat by Colonel Deſpard, and I ſat by him, Windſor was ſpeaking of the form of paſſing the keys at the tower. He ſaid that the practice had been for the conſtable when he paſſed the keys, to ſay God ſave the king and queen, and for the centinel to ſay Amen; but this ceremony had been omitted for three weeks. I aſked Broughton who Colonel Deſpard

was? Broughton told me. I made an apology to Colonel Deſpard; I had not the pleaſure of knowing him, but I had read of him in the Cambridge paper. The converſation was about the wet docks, and the hardſhips of employing the ſoldiers to do duty there. I aſked Colonel Deſpard whether any particular buſineſs was in hand, and what he thought of it? His anſwer was nothing; only it ſeemed the wiſh of a great many people, that an effort ſhould be made on Tueſday next, to recover ſome of thoſe liberties we had loſt. I aſked the colonel if he had any ſufficient ground or force to go upon. He ſaid yes, a very conſiderable force indeed; if the people come forward in the way I have been given to underſtand. We have great numbers in all parts of the kingdom, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Manchester; and in, near, and round London, the people are every where ripe. He ſaid he had been engaged in this buſineſs two years, I have travelled, ſaid he, above twenty miles to-day, and the people wherever I have been are ripe and anxious for the moment of attack. I aſked him if he had any regular organization. He ſaid, no; a regular organization would be a moral impoſſibility, as it would be ſo near and under the eye of government; but in the country it would be more general. I aſked him whether the attack was to be made in London and in the country, on one and the ſame day? He ſaid no, by no means, that would be highly improper; but that it would be a ſignal to the country, by the ſtoppage of the mail coaches. Graham clenched his fiſt, and ſaid with an oath, it will do no good unleſs you ſecure the whole of the family. Broughton ſhook his head, and ſaid, O that's ſettled. I aſked him how it was to be done? he ſaid ſhoot two of the horſes, and the carriage muſt ſtop; then ſeize him. I replied, do you conſider that there are horſemen riding cloſe to the window, who would inſtantly cut to pieces any man who ſhould approach—then who would do it? The colonel ſaid, I would do it with my own hand! I recollect his ſaying, in ſome part of the converſation, "I have well weighed the affair, and my heart is callous." There was a converſation reſpecting the ſeizure of the bank, and that the tower ſhould be taken. With reſpect to the bank, he ſaid the arms had been rendered uſeleſs, and were only about 600. I think it was the colonel who ſaid this. I recollect Windſor ſaying, give me an hundred men, and I will take the tower myſelf. I ſaw no more of the colonel till the meeting at the Oakley Arms. Lander, in the morning, had been talking of having a diviſion to march from the tower to New-ſtreet, to ſeize the arms of the Eaſt-India Company, and then go and aſſiſt in the attack on the houſes of parliament, and another over London-bridge for the ſame purpoſe. He thought it would be better to have couriers to ride backwards and forwards, and he ſaid he had ſecured a houſe where he was to receive the report of theſe couriers, or aides-

de-camps. He aſked me to write this plan down. I refuſed; and he looked ſurpriſed. I ſaid I will go with you to the Oakley Arms, if you will introduce me. That evening, as I was going home with a clock, I met Broughton. He ſaid, I underſtand you are coming down to-night; he ſaid, pray do, don't be long. Going along I ſaw Lander, ſhutting up his ſhop. He ſaid, if I ſhould not be long he would go with me. When I returned he was gone. I went to the Oakley Arms. About twenty-five minutes after I was there the officers came. When I went I was aſked who I wanted? I ſaid Broughton or Ruſſel. I went up ſtairs: I judged there were more than twenty. They were engaged in promiſcuous converſation. I had not been long ſeated before Broughton ſaid, my boys, we have got the completeſt plan in the world to do the buſineſs without any trouble: load the great gun in the park with four balls, or chain-ſhot, and fire it at his majeſty in the coach. He'd be damn'd if it would not ſend him to hell. The expreſſion ſhocked me. I ſaid, do you conſider how many people will be in the park that day, and how many lives you will take away? He ſaid then, damn them, let them keep out of the way. He ſaid the cannon would play hell with the houſes about the treaſury. Some ſaid, the cannon would be too low; another ſaid, it might eaſily be raiſed an inch. Some perſon ſaid, but if it miſſes his majeſty! Broughton replied, then damn him, we muſt *man handle* him. I rather think I had a converſation with the colonel before this. I aſked Broughton whether I might ſpeak to the colonel. I ſaid to the colonel, Sir, you were ſpeaking of taking the tower. Lander ſays would it not be proper to have a diviſion there? He objected to it, becauſe he believed one-half the Eaſt India Company's men are our friends already: but, my good Sir, we are not ſure that we can have the tower; but if we have every thing — for there are arms to arm a great number of men more than ſufficient, and as to the artillery-ground it would not anſwer. I ſtated that it was intended to form a garriſon to annoy the aſſociation. The colonel ſaid no; St. Paul's will be a better place. I told him that queſtion had ſuggeſted a doubt about the bank, and I aſked if he thought it would be proper to meddle with it? He ſaid, ſurely the bank ought to be the firſt conſideration. He ſaid, he could, from the tower, burn the town, and batter it to pieces. I overheard ſome one talking of deſtroying the telegraph. I ſaid to the colonel, do you ſuppoſe that will be neceſſary? he ſaid, ſurely; for it is a thing that would be of no ſervice to us, but of vaſt importance to our enemies. Soon after theſe converſes the officers came in.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Best.

Admitted he was brought up in cuſtody, and had been confined ever ſince his apprehenſion.

Mary

Mary Plowman, landlady of the Flying-Horſe public-houſe, at Newington—I remember hearing of the people being apprehended at the Oakley Arms. Two or three days before, there were about ſix aſſembled in her parlour, a little before eight. One had a dark brown great coat, and an umbrella in his hand; they went into a kind of kitchen, which we call a back-parlour; they appeared very much in private, and they drew a curtain. I heard one man ſay, he had weighed every thing well within him, and his heart was callous. I know a ſolder of the name of Windſor; he came there: two were in the tap-room. I don't know who paid the reckoning. I gave the change to a little man, who gave it to the ſervant, and ſaid he would have a kiſs.

Sir Richard Ford.—I attended when Windſor was examined at the treaſury, and in conſequence of the examination all the ſoldiers were taken up.

This was the whole of the evidence for the crown.

(To be continued.)

Mode of Hunting the Antelope in Galilee.

I Had (ſays Haſſelqueſt) an excellent opportunity of ſeeing this ſport near Nazareth, in Galilee. An Arab, mounting a courſer, held the falcon on his hand, as huntſmen commonly do. When we eſpied the animal on the top of a mountain, he let looſe the falcon, which flew in a direct line, like an arrow, and attacked the antelope, fixing the talons of one of his feet into its cheek, and thoſe of the other into its throat, extending his wings obliquely over the animal; ſpreading one toward one of his ears, and the other to the oppoſite hip. The creature, thus attacked, made a leap twice the height of a man, and freed himſelf from the falcon; but, being wounded, and loſing both its ſtrength and ſpeed, it was again attacked by the bird, which fixed the talons of both its feet into its throat, and held it faſt, the huntſman coming up, took it alive, and cut his throat. The falcon was allowed to drink the blood, as a reward for his labour, and a young falcon, which was learning, was likewiſe put to the throat. By this means the young birds are taught to fix their talons in the throat of the animal, as the propereſt part; for ſhould the falcon fix upon the creature's hip, or ſome other part of the body, the huntſman would not only loſe his game, but his falcon too; for the beaſt, rouſed by the wound, which could not prove mortal, would run to the deſerts and the tops of the mountains, whither its enemy, keeping its hold, would be obliged to follow, and being ſeparated from its maſter, muſt of courſe periſh.

Bell informs us, that in many parts of Perſia the young hawks are taught, by being fed on the ſtuffed ſkin of one of theſe antelopes.

telopes. He ſays further, that they are trained alſo to fly at foxes and wolves.

Singular ATTACK *of the* VAMPIRE BATT.

[From Animal Biography, by the Rev. W. Bingley, A.B.]

CAPTAIN STEDMAN was, while in Surinam, attacked during his ſleep by one of theſe animals; and as his account of this incident is ſomewhat ſingular, and tends to elucidate the fact, we ſhall extract it in his own language from his narrative. "I cannot here (ſays he) forbear relating a ſingular circumſtance reſpecting myſelf, namely, that on waking about four o'clock one morning in my hammock, I was extremely alarmed at finding myſelf weltering in congealed blood, and without feeling any pain whatever. Having ſtarted up, and rung for the ſurgeon, with a fire-brand in one hand, and all over beſmeared with gore: to, which, if added my pale face, ſhort hair, and tattered apparel, he might well aſk the queſtion,

'Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
'Bring with thee airs of Heav'n, or blaſts from Hell?'

The myſtery, however, was, that I had been bitten by the vampire, or ſpectre of Guiana, which is alſo called the flying dog of New Spain, and by the Spaniards perro-volador; this is no other than a bat, of a monſtrous ſize, that ſucks the blood from men and cattle while they are faſt aſleep, even ſometimes till they die; and as the manner in which they proceed is truly wonderful, I ſhall endeavour to give a diſtinct account of it.

"Knowing, by inſtinct, that the perſon they intend to attack is in a ſound ſlumber, they generally alight near the feet, where, while the creature continues fanning with its enormous wings, which keeps one cool, he bites a piece out of the tip of the great toe, ſo very ſmall indeed, that the head of a pin could ſcarcely be received into the wound, which is conſequently not painful; yet through this orifice he continues to ſuck the blood, until he is obliged to diſgorge. He then begins again, and thus continues ſucking and diſgorging till he is ſcarcely able to fly, and the ſufferer has often been known to ſleep from time into eternity. Cattle they generally bite in the ear, but always in places where the blood flows ſpontaneouſly. Having applied tobacco aſhes as the beſt remedy, and waſhed the gore from myſelf and my hammock, I obſerved ſeveral ſmall heaps of congealed blood all round the place where I had lain, upon the ground; on examining which the ſurgeon judged that I had loſt at leaſt twelve or fourteen ounces during the night."

Account

Account of the Wreck of the Yacht Ingebord.

AT the latter end of the year 1802 there was a moſt dreadful ſcene of ſhipwreck at Altenkirchen, on the Iſle of Rugen.

The yacht Ingebord, Captain Anders, which, in a very dark night, and during a heavy ſtorm from the eaſt, had ventured too far into the dangerous Tremper Gulf, was early in the morning driven upon the fatal cliff, and pitched upon a ſand-bank with the keel almoſt perpendicularly raiſed into the air. The ſix perſons who compoſed the whole crew remained ſome time almoſt petrified with horror before they had courage to attempt ſaving themſelves. Three at laſt climbed up into the rigging, and the other three faſtened themſelves with cords near the pump. In this comfortleſs ſituation, expoſed to the raging ſea and to a moſt terrible cold, they paſſed ſeven dreadful hours, while the breaking ſea paſſed over their heads near 3000 times. They were at length perceived from the ſhore; but before a boat could be procured, freed from ice, &c. ſeveral hours paſſed, during which their ſituation grew every minute more deſperate. One of thoſe by the pump was ſuddenly torn away by a breaker, daſhed into the body of the ſhip, drowned, again waſhed out by another wave, and hurled into the abyſs. Another was obſerved, whenever the breaker ran off, to raiſe his head, and diſcharge the ſalt-water. An hour before help came, he groaned to his companions above that it was all over with him. They bid him take courage, as help they ſaw was at hand; but he dropt his head, and expired without a word.

The fiſhermen were at length ready, but when they ſaw the horrible ſituation, the moſt courageous turned pale in dread; yet, moved by the diſtreſs of the poor men, and encouraged by perſons preſent, they at length reſolved on the dangerous attempt. —A long cord was faſtened to the boat, and the other end given to thoſe remaining on ſhore, to pull back the boat as ſwiftly as poſſible through the breakers when they had taken the people from the ſhip. Eleven daring men got into the boat, but were ſcarcely ſailed off, when the ſea broke over them, and ſeemed to ſwallow them up. They were given over for loſt, when they were ſeen to appear again, and by means of their oars to reach the wreck, which they entered by means of a rope that hung down, at the moment when the boat was on the point of being driven into the open ſea. With immenſe difficulty they got the poor men, almoſt frozen to death, into the boat. Too late they gave the ſignal for return—the boat was ſeized by the breakers, whirled round, and muſt infallibly have overſet, had the rope indicated a moment later to thoſe on ſhore what they were to do. The boat was now pulled with the rapidity of an

arrow

arrow through the breakers, and all reached ſhore in ſafety, the moſt without damage.

All means were employed to bring the poor frozen creatures to themſelves; but the ſailor was dead in the boat, the captain died two days after; the others were quite recovered.

The Gout never can nor ever ought to be cured.

A Fragment from an ancient Manuſcript.

BLESSED gout! moſt deſirable gout! ſovereign antidote of murdering maladies; powerful corrector of intemperance; deign to viſit me with thy purging fire, and throw off the topbous injury which I may have ſuffered by wine and wit, too hard for the virtue of a devotee upon a holy feſtival; but fail not thy humble ſupplicant, who needs thy friendly help to keep his tottering tenement in order; fail him not every vernal and nocturnal equinox.

1. The gout gives a man pain without danger.

2. The gout is no conſtant companion, but allows his patients lucid joyous intervals.

3. The gout preſents you with a perpetual almanac.

4. Gouty perſons are moſt free from the head-ach.

5. The gout preſerves its patients from the great danger of fevers.

6. To crown the honour of the gout, it is not to be cured! The gout defies all your groſs galenical methods, and all your exalted chemical preparations; for the conjunct cauſes thereof lies in parts ſo very remote, that the virtues of medicine can never reach them: and Heaven be praiſed for it! for why would you cure the gout, which gives pain without danger, a better taſte of health by an acquaintance with pain, a knowledge of future things, freedom from the head-ache and from fevers?

SKETCH *of a* CURIOUS SPECIES *of* VOLCANO.

IN February, 1794, the inhabitants of Phanagoria, and of the European ſide of the Cimmerian Boſphorous, were ſurpriſed and alarmed by a volcano of a new ſpecies, which burſt ſuddenly from a hill called Kaukou Oba, ſituate to the north of the gulf of Taman.

The exploſion was attended by a noiſe like thunder, a thick ſmoke and gerbe of fire, that laſted about half an hour; not unlike the artificial firework of that name ſo often exhibited at the public rejoicings in Ruſſia, but upon a much larger and grander ſcale. The ſmoke, however, and boiling up of matter, with oc-

caſional exploſions, continued till the next day; when, inſtead of lava, the ordinary erupted matter of all other mountains, a vaſt ſtream of ſalt mud burſt forth, and ran down the ſide of the hill to the plain below, in ſix diſtinct channels, from three or five yards deep, making in all about a hundred thouſand cubic fathoms.

By the month of July all theſe ſix ſtreams were dry at the ſurface, which was uneven and cracked like a parched clay ſoil in ſummer; and in July, when Dr. Pallas viſited it, the crater was ſhut up with dried mud, inſomuch that it could be walked over without danger, although a frightful boiling, ſtill heard in the bowels of the hill, ſhowed that all was not ſo quiet within as without.

The mud thrown out by this and all the other hot gulphs, which are numerous in the iſland, is a looſe homogeneous argilla, or clay of a cindery blue colour, mixed with ſhining particles of mico, or marine glaſs, and fragments of marly, ſandy, and calcareous ſchiſtus, or ſlate, in a ſmall proportion, which ſeem to have been torn from ſtrata above the focus of the eruption in its paſſage upward; while ſome brilliant cryſtallized pyrites ſticking in the ſlate ſhow that the heat applied to the ſtrata which contained them was not very intenſe; and, in fact, the erupted matter was merely warm, inſtead of boiling hot, as might have been expected from the phænomena; ſo that the flame which appeared at firſt was properly only produced by the ignition of ſome inflammable air or gas, contained in quantity in the ſalt mud, and which ſeems to have occaſioned the eruption.

Every circumſtance and appearance in this ſingular ſpecies of volcano conſpires to prove, that the centre of action was below the ſeas; and the doctor hazards the following conjecture on this ſubject.

The numerous ſprings of naphtha, or petrolium, in this iſland, and on the peninſula of Kerch, make it probable that a ſtratum of coal lying far below the ſurface of the earth has been for ſome ages on fire, and, very poſſibly, occaſions the vapour which ſo often covers Taman in calm weather.

When, therefore, the ſea, (ſays Pallas) finds an entrance, from any cauſe, into theſe burning cavities, it is natural to ſuppoſe that it will be converted into vapour, which with the ignited inflammable gas, muſt burſt through the upper ſtrata to find vent in the open air. The opening once made, the elaſtic gas contained in the mud (which the doctor thinks is probably only a mixture of coal aſhes, bituminous ſlate, and ſea water) muſt make it froth up and run over; while the upper ſtrata, ſhattered with the firſt exploſion, muſt fall down into the boiling cauldron to augment the quantity of erupted matter, till the accidental cauſe ceaſes that produced the whole phænomenon.

Short

Short Character of Mrs. Macaulay, the Hiſtorian.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

I Was not acquainted with Mrs. Macaulay till the end of the year 1777. She was then not young: but elegance, genius, and dignity, diſtinguiſhed her figure: and her countenance was, and continued to be, of a highly pleaſing and ſuperior ſtyle of expreſſion. She ſpent ſeveral weeks here before ſhe viſited America. Her converſation was eaſy and agreeable; replete with various and moſt important information. On her political ſentiments I ſhould be unjuſt to her memory, and ſhould degrade myſelf, were I to offer an apology. With regard to Milton, ſhe reſpected him much more as a politician, as a patriot, and as a moſt eloquent and intrepid defender, by his immortal proſe, of the rights of his country and of ſociety, than as a poet. I will own that I do not think this great and admirable woman had much fondneſs for poetry. But for myſelf, who have an enthuſiaſtic love of it, and who think that no poet ever has excelled Milton, I do not heſitate to declare the ſame preference which ſhe declared.

The praiſe of genius, though in his proſe alſo genius is tranſcendant, cannot rival the praiſe of diſintereſted and exalted virtue. And he who, with the taſte and ear, the poetic habitudes, and exquiſite ſenſibility of Milton, could quit this ſafe and enchanting path for the paths of difficulty and peril, and could prefer to encounter aſſured obloquy and every human ill in diſcharge of his conſcience, to the enjoyment of glory, eaſe and pleaſure united, appears to me worthy, pre-eminently worthy, of univerſal and perpetual admiration. Such was Milton! and Mrs. Macaulay Graham, with a ſoul of like energies, could not be inſenſible to the excellence of ſuch a character.

And I have reaſon to think ſhe had been collecting, and perhaps writing, much on that part of our hiſtory from Edward I. to James I. and that ſhe had latterly been forming materials for an hiſtory of the American war. She certainly did intend to have written a hiſtory of England which ſhould connect itſelf with her great work, and comprize the period I have mentioned. I do earneſtly hope that Mr. Graham will not ſuffer, if ſhe left any MSS. that they ſhould be loſt to poſterity.

I am your's,

CAPEL LOFFT.

Tyranny exerciſed by the famous Maſſillon.

THE moſt eloquent are not always the gentleſt and moſt amiable of men. Maſſillon, the celebrated biſhop of Cler-

mont, whoſe very name has become, as it were, another term for the perfection of pulpit eloquence, is recorded to have often exerciſed the moſt inhuman tyranny over the prieſts of his dioceſe. Muzon-caſtle, anciently the principal reſidence of the biſhops of Clermont, being for a great part of the year ſcarcely habitable, on account of the winds and exceſſive colds to which it was by its ſituation expoſed, was in his time finally deſerted. He obtained from the government leave to pull it entirely down. This he did not completely accompliſh. The exterior walls were left, on account of the grandeur of their effect, as an object in the proſpect, and the biſhop's inhumanity was exerciſed in preſerving ſeveral of the rooms of that unhealthy and deſolate manſion to be occupied as priſons. When any of his prieſts offended him, in a manner which he could think worthy of ſuch puniſhment, he ſent to court for a *lettre de cachet;* and under its authority the poor offending prieſt was confined, perhaps for life, in one of the wretched rooms of the inhoſpitable caſtle of Muzon. Such was in power the conduct of the prelate, many of whoſe ſermons appear to be effuſions from the tendereſt of human hearts, warm with the divine ſpirit of the pureſt Chriſtian charity.

It is indeed too often the caſe, that ſplendid talents, and great learning, are unaccompanied by that benevolence of mind which ſhould be the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the profeſſors of Chriſtianity.

CURE *for* CHILBLAINS.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

AS the different changes of weather, from heat to cold, has been remarkably fertile in producing chilblains, which are eaſily removed by ſuch topical applications as the following, if they are applied before they break; but if they are neglected, they produce troubleſome ulcers, and are very difficult to heal; I have ſent you recipes for preparations conſtantly recommended by me with great ſucceſs.

JUVENIS PLIMUTHI.

Plymouth, February 27, 1803.

TO prevent chilblains from breaking, and to eaſe the itching pain of the feet and fingers, proceeding from the ſame cauſe,

Take of acetated water of litharge two drachms, of water of ammonia and oil of olives three drachms each; mix them together, and rub the fingers, &c. with a little every night.

Dreſs broken chilblains with ſaturnine ointment, and apply a poultice of bread and water occaſionally.

Anſwer, by J. Squance, of Exeter, to Juvenis's Rebus, inſerted November 28.

MAN, like the EPHEMERON, born is for decay,
Blooming in morn, at evening turn'd to clay.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from H. Humphreys, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by J. Channon, of Ottery, to Reginald's Rebus, inſerted February 7.

YOUR rebus, Sir, as ſure as day,
The noble LION doth diſplay.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Whittle, of Upway; Paul Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; S. L. Margary, and J. Tremlett, of Newton Abbot; T. Bullock, St. Columb; Mars, of St. Ives; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; W. Strong, P. Gove, J. Squance, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; Reginald, and J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; W. C. of Broadhempſtone; B. of Millbrook; B. Fiander, of Melbury Oſmond; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Harris, of Kingſteington; R. Maffett, of Saltaſh; and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton.

Anſwer, by R. E. Reynolds, Jun. of Yeovil, to O. Zillwood's Charade, inſerted February 14.

TO God triumphant pæans raiſe,
In holy ANTHEMS ſing his praiſe.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from W. Gifford, of South Petherton; J. Tremlett, of Newton Abbot; J. Channon, of Ottery; J. Whittle, of Upway; T. Whicker, W. Strong, P. Gove, J. Squance, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Harris, of Kingſteington; R. Maffett, of Saltaſh; and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton.

A CHARADE, *by R. Maffett, of Saltaſh.*

TWO liquids ſkillfully when join'd,
A paraphraſe will be combin'd.

A CHARADE, *by Eleanor, of Plymouth.*

FROM foreign climes my firſt is brought,
And by moſt people here is ſought;
My next of uſe is very good,
For to prepare our daily food;
My whole, ye bards, before your eyes,
Is daily ſeen without diſguiſe.

A CHARADE, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton.*

WHEN in the blue ethereal ſky
My ſplendid firſt appears,
My next was always fair and dry
In every hemiſphere:
O may I ne'er prophane my whole!
But wiſely ſtrive to gain
Salvation for my ſinful ſoul,
And reſt where angels reign.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ADDRESS *to* HOPE.

O HOPE! while prompted to impart
The frequent helps which thou haſt giv'n,
Forgive the effuſions of my heart,
Thou greateſt gift of gen'rous Heav'n.

When anxious fears corrode the breaſt,
Then friendly hope diſſolves the train;
She ſoothes the ſuff'ring ſoul to reſt,
And kindly mollifies the pain.

When omens variegate the ſky,
When the black wind drives quick the clouds,
And furious ſays a ſtorm is nigh,
And whiſtles in the veſſel's ſhrouds.

When rattling blaſts plough up the ſeas,
And *ventus* reigns with ſtormy roar;
The ſailor takes the lead, and heaves,
And ſounding cries, "The ſhip's on ſhore."

Then the men, laſh'd with frozen rope,
And deſtitute of help to ſave,
E'en then they find relief in hope,
And ſmile on each ſucceſſive wave.

When Cupid, with promiſcuous aim,
Shoots round his arrows, charg'd with ſmart;
Pervades the breaſt of ſome blithe ſwain,
Aſſaults, and perforates his heart.

When love, the herald of the god,
Intoxicates more than the bowl,
He vainly ſeeks a ſmile and nod
From the lov'd idol of his ſoul.

'Tis then, that hope looks down benign,
Deſcends into his troubled breaſt,
Bids him not yet the fair reſign,
And lulls his agonies to reſt.

When fierce Minerva, high-born maid!
Calls her adherents from afar,
Diſplays the ſlaughter'd gorgon's head,
And brandiſhes her ſpear for war.

And when her trumpet ſounds the charge,
To call her warlike ſons to die,
Then ſee a Golgotha at large,
Where man and horſe promiſcuous lie:

Then know the ſoldier, 'midſt the toil
Of victory, and ſanguine ſtrife,
When heroes' blood feeds the parch'd ſoil,
Still fondly hopes to ſaves his life.

When England groan'd beneath the load
Of a protracted, tedious war;

When

When her ſons ſigh'd, prick'd by the goad
Of Mars, when riding in his car;

When conflicts in their boſoms roſe
To ſee their wretched offſprings' pain;
When tired nature ſought repoſe,
And famiſh'd look'd for food in vain—

What then but hope diſarm'd the hand
Which lifted inſurrection's axe?
Expell'd rebellion from the land,
And made it its firm graſp relax?

Did not her well-tim'd preſence ſay,
Diſhonour not your half-drawn ſword,
Drive your rebellious thoughts away,
And hope to ſee a peace reſtor'd?

O hope! if theſe are thy effects,
Be thou the inmate of my breaſt;
Incloſe me in thy ſilken nets,
And on thy boſom let me reſt.

In the laſt great, deciſive, awful day,
When both the heavens and earth ſhall paſs away;
When the aſtoniſh'd world ſhall trembling fly,
And bid the mountains fall, and on them lie;
When nature ſhall back on herſelf recoil,
Shrink and revolt to ſee deſtruction ſmile;
When yawning graves ſhall liberate their bound,
And agitated ſeas yield up their drown'd;
When trembling multitudes would fain retire,
From ſeeing nature's wreck, "a world on fire;"
When Jeſus clad in glory, wrapp'd in clouds,
Shall come attended by angelic crouds;
Enthron'd on juſtice, mercy ſtands behind,
And thus ſhall judge, the Saviour of Mankind:
O then, when vice ſhall drop her ſhield, oppreſs'd,
And virtue ſtand with an exalted creſt—
I hope, and may that hope be true!
To ſtand among the choſen few!

St. Ives, Cornwall, January 15, 1803. MARS.

A WISH.

I Aſk not wit, nor beauty do I crave;
Nor wealth, nor pompous titles wiſh to have;
But ſince 'tis doom'd, in all degrees of life,
Whether a daughter, ſiſter, or a wife,
That females ſhould the wiſer males obey,
And yield implicit to their lordly ſway,
Since this, I ſay, is every woman's fate,
Give me a MIND to ſuit my ſlaviſh ſtate.

On RELIGION.

LET homage be to pure religion paid,
Seek her protection, and implore her aid,
That ſhe may keep thy ſoul from harm ſecure,
And turn thy footſteps from the harlot's door,
Who with curs'd charms lures the unwary in,
And ſoothes with flattery their ſouls to ſin.